ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA;

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

WITH THE AFTER-PIECES,

ST. CECILIA's DAY,

MUSIC OF BONDUCA,

AND

CORONATION ANTHEMS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACIS.

GALATEA.

POLYPHEMUS.

DAMON.

CHLORIS.

Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

BRITISH MUSEUM
ROYAL MUSIC LIBRARY

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural Proſpect, diverſified with Rocks, Groves, and a River. *Acis* and *Galatea* ſeated by a Fountain. *Chorus* of Nymphs and Shepherds, diſtributed about the Landſcape; and *Polyphemus* diſcovered ſitting upon a Mountain.

CHORUS.

O The Pleaſure of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains.
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Roſe,
And Flowers diſplay their Hue:
For us the Winters rain;
For us the Summers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

AIR.

Huſh, ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce Deſire:
Ceaſe your Song, and take your Flight;
Bring back my Acis *to my Sight.* Da Capo.

AIR.

AIR.

ACIS.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair?
Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my Dear!
Seeks ſhe the Groves, or bathes in cryſtal Fountains? Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay!
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy Air?
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy Ruin!
Share our Joy, our Pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy Paſſion till To-morrow;
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care. Da Capo.

AIR.

AIR.

CHLORIS.

O do not, Shepherd, thus advising,
The Lover's pleasing Pains repress;
The Lover's Passion justly prizing,
Secures what only Life can bless.

With Pride the Lover boasts a Treasure
In ev'ry Care his Heart conceals,
And Tears for him have sweeter Pleasure,
Than Mirth in thoughtless Laughter feels.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

And see my Love!
Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

AIR.

AIR.

Love in her Eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious Death;
Love in her Lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her Breath:
Love on her Breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft Deſire:
Nor Grace, nor Charm is wanting
To ſet the Heart on Fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the Pains of abſent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

AIR.

As when the Dove
Laments her Love,
All on the naked Spray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove;
Melting Murmurs, laſting Love.

DUET.

DUET.

ACIS and GALATEA.

Happy we.
What Joys I feel!——What Charms I see!
Of all Youths, Thou deareſt Boy!
Of all Nymphs, Thou brighteſt Fair!
Thou all my Bliſs, thou all my Joy! Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

AT

SERENATA.

PART THE SECOND.

A CONCERTO on the ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRetched Lovers! Fate has paſt
This ſad Decree; No Joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;
Behold the Monſter Polypheme;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Foreſt ſhakes;
The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the Heart.
Thou truſty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth;
In ſoft enchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet *Galatea*'s Beauty, and my Love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the Cherry!
O ſweeter than the Berry!
O Nymph, more bright
Than Moon-ſhine Night,
Like Kidlings blythe and merry!
Ripe as the melting Cluſter!
No Lilly has ſuch Luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging Flame,
As fierce as Storms that bluſter! Da Capo.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY.—Whither, Faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces ſhunning?
GAL.—The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin ſtay.
POLY.—Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Call to Empire, and to Love:
To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plumb of gloſſy blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.
GAL.—Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
And ſwill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monſter! bid ſome other Gueſt:
I loath the Hoſt; I loath the Feaſt.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Ceaſe to Beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining Love diſdaining,
Let the Brave, their Aims purſuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:
Beauty, by Conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the Bleſſing,
Lifeleſs Charms without the Heart. Da Capo.

AIR.

CHLORIS.

In vain you teach him Duty,
To beauty,
His Love is but Desire.
He gains, the Fair possessing,
Not half the Lover's Blessing,
Not half so pure his Fire.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous Love provokes my rage,
Weak, as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

AIR.

Love sound th' Alarm,
And Fear is a flying:
When Beauty's the Prize,
What Mortal fears dying?
In Defence of my Treasure
I'd bleed at each Vein:
Without her no Pleasure,
For Life is a Pain. Da Capo.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.

DAMON.

CONSIDER, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleasure,
That flatters our Hopes
In Pursuit of the Fair:
The Joys that attend it,
By Moments we measure;
But Life is too little
To measure our Care.

Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth:
Truſt my Conſtancy and Truth;
Truſt my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

Acis *and* Gal. *The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains,*
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forſake the Fountains,
Ere I forſake my Love.

Poly. *Torture! Fury! Rage! Deſpair!*
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis *and* Gal. *Not Show'rs to Larks more pleaſing,*
Nor Sunſhine to the Bee;
Not Sleep to Toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear Smiles to me.

Poly. *Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin fly;*
Die, preſumptuous Acis, *die.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea!* help ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye Swains;
Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.
Ah! the gentle Acis *is no more.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis *ſtill bemoan,*
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that Stone?
Muſt the lovely charming Youth
Die for his Conſtancy and Truth?
Say, what Comfort can you find?
For dark Deſpair o'erclouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, *ceaſe to grieve;*
Bewail not, when thou can'ſt relieve:
Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art;
The Goddeſs ſoon can heal thy Smart:
To Kindred Gods the Youth return,
Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

AIR.

Heart, thou Seat of ſoft Delight!
Be thou now a Fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy Blood.
Glide thou like a cryſtal Flood:
Rock, thy hollow Womb diſcloſe
The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, *dry thy Tears:*
Acis *now a God appears;*
See how he rears him from his Bed;
See the Wreath that binds his Head:
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
Shepherd's Pleaſure, Muſes Theme;
Thro' the Plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle Love.

FINIS.

A

SONG

FOR

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And could not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In Order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Passion cannot MUSICK *raise and quell!*
When Jubal *struck the corded Shell,*
His list'ning Brethren stood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that celestial Sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell.
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK *raise and quell!*

AIR. 2.

The TRUMPET's *loud Clangor*
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge; charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR.

AIR 3.

The ſoft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling LUTE.

AIR 4.

Sharp VIOLINS *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs and Deſperation,
Fury, frantic Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The ſacred ORGAN's *Praiſe!*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly Way,
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus *could lead the Savage Race:*
And Trees unrooted left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her ORGAN, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtrait appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Power of ſacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe,
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour;
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The TRUMPET *ſhall be heard on high,*
The Dead ſhall live, the Living Die,
And MUSICK *ſhall untune the Sky.*

FINIS.

MU-

MUSIC of BONDUCA.

By PURCELL.

CHORUS.

HEAR us, great Rugwith, hear;
Defend thy Britiſh Iſle;
Revive our Hopes, diſperſe our Fear,
Nor let thine Altars be the Roman Spoil.
Deſcend, ye Pow'rs divine, deſcend
In chariots of Ætherial Flame,
And touch the Altars you defend;
O ſave us, ſave our Nation, and our Name.

AIR.

O! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing Lovers come;
Where the ſhrill Trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal Huſh goes round.

There

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain
And never think of War again.
What Glory can a Lover have,
To conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

A I R.

Hear, ye Gods of Britain, hear us this Day;
Let us not fall the Roman Eagle's Prey.
Clip their Wings, or chaſe them Home,
And check the tow'ring Pride of Rome.

RECITATIVE.

Divine Andate, Preſident of War,
The Fortune of the Day declare.
Shall we to Romans yield?
Or ſhall each Arm that weilds a Spear,
Strike it thro' a maſſy ſhield,
And dye with Roman Blood the Field?

A I R.

Genius of England from thy pleaſant Bow'rs
Of Bliſs ariſe, and ſpread thy ſacred Wings
Guard from Foes the Britiſh State,
Thou on whoſe Smile does wait,
The uncertain happy Fate,
Of Monarchies and Kings.
Then follow brave Boys to the Wars
The Laurel you know is the Prize;
Who brings home the nobleſt Scars
Looks fineſt in Celia's Eyes.
Then ſhake of the ſlothful Eaſe,
Let Glory inſpire your Hearts,
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Is the nobleſt of all other Arts.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Go—March—Defend a Patriot Throne,
Spirit to Gallic Slaves unknown
A King of Freemen will approve;
Bleſſings by your Valour won
Shall deſcend from Son to Son;
Virtue ſhall your Memory love,
Shall boaſt each Conflict you ſuſtain'd
Shall hallow every Wreath you gain,
And eager Praiſe be proud to own
'Twas THEN you fought, 'twas THEN you ſhone,
When George and Charlotte reign'd.

DUETT.

Let Cæſar and Urania live
Let all delights the Stars can give
Upon the Royal Pair deſcend;
Let Diſcord to the Shades be driven,
While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,
And thus our loyal Vows aſcend.——
O Preſerve them Heaven!

DUETT and CHORUS.

To Arms, your Enſigns ſtraight diſplay,
Now ſet the Battle in Array,
The Oracle for War declares,
Succeſs depends upon our Hearts and Spears.
Britons ſtrike home, revenge your Country's Wrongs;
Fight, and record yourſelves in Druids Songs.

FINIS.

CORONATION ANTHEMS.

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Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

ANTHEM I.

LET thy hand be ſtrengthened, and thy right-hand be exalted.

Let juſtice and judgment be the preparation of thy ſeat.

Let mercy and truth go before thy face.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah

ANTHEM II.

The King ſhall rejoice in thy ſtrength, O Lord! exceeding glad ſhall he be of thy ſalvation: Glory and great worſhip haſt thou laid upon him.

Thou haſt prevented him with the bleſſings of goodneſs, and haſt ſet a crown of pure gold upon his head.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

ANTHEM III.

My heart is inditing a good matter, I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the king.

King's daughters were among thy honourable women: Upon thy right-hand did ſtand the queen in a veſture of gold.

And the king ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty. Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and queens thy nurſing mothers.

ANTHEM IV.

Zadock the prieſt, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave the King, long live the king; may the king live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

FINIS.

KING'S MUSIC LIBRARY